

Crumbling Land

Pink Floyd

In a while I'll find the time to make the sunshine mine
In a smile I saw a single eagle in the sky
Wheeling, soaring, gliding by
On a hill there lived a man with many shining things
Shiny pool, a shiny car and shiny diamond rings
Wining, dining, shining king
And the eagle flies in clear blue skies
Breathing in the clear blue air
Back here on the ground another dealer coughs and dies
And fifty more come rolling off
The Ford production line
Then a man appearing like a mirage on the sand
In his hand a moving picture of the crumbling land
Screaming, dealing, movie man
Here we go, hold your nose and see if something blows
Close your eyes, count to ten and see the sunrise right
Climbing, high into the sky
By the golden mansion let the guardian rise
Upon the finger of the king
Hung high, the eagle spies the glitter of a gun
And wheeling in a climbing turn he flies into the sun

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